Mrs. Major Wm H. Nash,
with regards of
Theo. J. Eckerson,
U.S.A.

PS 1567
.E6

MY GOOD OLD KNAPSACK,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MAJOR THEO. J. ECKERSON,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

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BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS:
DEMOCRAT AND RANCHERO PRINT.
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THESE SCRAPS,

CULLED FROM THE CORNER OF AN OLD TRUNK,

AND PRINTED

AT THE REQUEST OF MY CHILDREN,

I DEDICATE TO

My Beloved Wife,

WHO MAY FIND HERE AND THERE AMONG THEM

SOMETHING TO REMIND HER

OF THE PAST.

T. J. E.

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The Veteran of the Mexican War.

HALT there! veteran, for I know you by the badge
that decks your breast!
Listen, while I faintly picture how a soldier of
the West
Fought and died for our loved country,—paying
thus the patriot's debt,—
Braved the hordes of SANTA ANNA, and the murderous es-
copet!
Many a brave boy left his mother for the fields of Mexico,
Whose white bones are bleaching whiter near the moun-
tains tipped with snow;
Many a brother left a sister, many a true heart left his
love,—
Left—no more to clasp the dear ones till they meet in
courts above!
You are spared to tell the story—you are here to join the
ranks
Of those worn and shattered veterans who receive the
Nation's thanks!
Though your sleeve to-day be empty—though all *pen-*
sionless you stand,
With the crowds that come to hail the great CENTENNIAL
of our land,—

Yet cheer up! for day is breaking—and the country's heart to-day
Beats with gratitude, and greets you as when freshest from the fray!
List, then, to your comrade's story, told to loving ones whose hands
Bathed his temples, smoothed his pillow, as he passed to heavenly lands;
See him, languishing and wounded, in his Western home to die—
Hear him tell of glorious battles fought where mountains pierce the sky.

* * * * *

"I'm faint—but oh! how happy now—
There—let me lean upon your breast—
It cools the fever on my brow
To know I am once more at rest;"

"Come nearer, sister—take my hand—
I feel death slowly stealing on—
Nearer—I'll tell thee of that band
That many a gallant field has won."

"I need not speak the joy I felt
When first the summons called *'to arms!'*
My trusty sword—my warrior belt—
Had each to me a thousand charms—"

"Nor how, when marshalled with our host,
I glanced along the serried line,
And felt that I could truly boast
It held no sturdier form than mine."

"On *Palo Alto's* well-fought field
We first stood forth to meet the foe,—
The veteran TAYLOR seized the rein
That curbed the pride of Mexico."

"Like grass before the scythe we mowed them—
Our well-trained coursers trod the field,
As if they knew the hearts that rode them
Were there to conquer—not to yield!"

"With souls as firm and nerves as steady
As ancient Sparta's sons possessed,
We rallied round "Old Rough and Ready,"
And victory perched on every crest;"

"E'en now, while I relate the story,
My sinking spirit seems more light,
For there the first bright glimpse of glory
Rolled up before my ravished sight!"

"Ringgold and Duncan from our flanks
Covered the field with dead and dying—
Shrapnel and grape tore through their ranks,
And sent their rent battalions flying!"

"From noon to dark in smothering smoke
From the rank prairie's burning grasses,
The dread artillery thunder broke,
Nor paused till night obscured the masses."

"Sons of the South—Sons of the North,
Fought there as brother shielding brother,—
From Maine to Georgia went they forth—
God!—may they never fight each other!"

* * * * *

"Resaca's field next lay before us,
And foes in thousands bit the ground!
Again I joined in victory's chorus—
Again was free from scar or wound—"

"Nine thousand escopets were flashing
From the vine-tangled *chaparral*
Against our nineteen hundred, dashing
Through brush to meet this blaze of hell!"

"The hoary veterans of Tampico
In battery stood—a proud array—
But guns and tumbrils were abandoned
At SACKET's charge with CHARLIE MAY!"

"Our glorious RIDGELY poured his fire
In ceaseless volleys through the brush,
Till vanquished, in confusion dire,
They for the Rio Grande rush!"

"Ah! *Rio Bravo*—glorious river,
So smoothly gliding on your way,
May the deep crimson life-drops never
Color your banks as on that day!"

"Ah! *Matamoros*—clothed in flowers
Like some fair spot of ancient Spain,—
May your dark walls and glittering towers
Ne'er gaze upon such sight again!"

* * * * *

"At *Monterey* again we met them,
Intrenched behind their walls of stone,
And though with vigor we beset them,
Three days and nights they held their own."

"The snow-capped heights of *Nuevo Leon*
Heard there the first dread sounds of war,
And many a well-drilled veteran *peon*
Lay dead, or weltering in his gore."

"WORTH from the *Bishop's Palace* shelling
Sent swift destruction through the town---
Of Mexique's flower the blood is welling
Beneath tall Sierra Madre's frown---"

"While TAYLOR from the eastern *plazas*,
His regulars mixed with volunteers,
Tunnelled his way straight through the *casas*
And stormed the forts 'mid rousing cheers!"

"At length our final charge was sounded---
We drove the foe from every gun,
Though hundreds of brave comrades, wounded,
Breathed their last sigh ere set of sun."

"Six weeks our brave five thousand rested;
(*Five hundred nobly death had met*---)
But---'*forward!*' they were to be tested
On many a field more bloody yet."

* * * * *

"At *Vera Cruz* the blended thunder
Of friend and foe the sand-hills shook---
The screeching shells when rent asunder,
Sought out their prey in every nook---"

"Each moment proved our arms victorious,
As day and night Death's errand sped---
Oh! t'was a sight sublimely glorious!
Sister---I faint---raise---raise my head!"

"See!---from our mortar batteries streaming,
The dreadful missiles seek the clouds!
Now hear the crashing, then the screaming,
As down they plunge on frightened crowds!"

"Undaunted PERRY from the water
Batters *San Juan de Ulloa's* walls,---
Each noble vessel aids the slaughter,
Till prone the '*Cactus banner*' falls!"

"Our veteran TOTTEN never wearies
Till bursting shell and blazing fuze
Like eagles swooping from their eyries
Complete the doom of Vera Cruz!"

* * * * *

"Now onward still, each man a hero,
We climbed the *Cerro Gordo* height,
And strewed the fair fields of *Encerro*
With hordes who sought inglorious flight!"

"Shall I forget the cheers so hearty
That from the mountain side arose
As HARNEY led that storming party
Through showers of grape to meet our foes?"

"Up the steep *Cerro*, hot and flurried—
Then with clubbed muskets dealing death—
Then to the swift pursuit we hurried
With shouts of victory on each breath!"

"Here, when the fiery chase had started,
Led by the proud, impetuous WORTH,
A musket ball my bridle parted,
And horse and rider fell to earth!"

"On came the crowd in fury dashing—
No power such avalanche could stay—
I heard the shouts—the sabres clashing—
I felt their tread, and swooned away!"

"For hours unconscious, crushed and wounded
I lay upon that cold earth bed—
I woke at length, and then there sounded
An angel whisper near my head;"

"I strove to rise and gaze around me –
Far off were now the sounds of war—
Close to the earth my courser bound me,—
Good steed!—thou'lt champ thy bit no more!"

"'Stranger—look up –a friend is near thee'—"
(In soft Castilian accents spoken—)
"'Within our cot we'll strive to cheer thee,
"'And bind thy limbs so bruised and broken'."

"Up to a mountain hut they bore me,
Long weeks of fever rolled away,
Ere care and kindness could restore me
To greet once more the light of day."

"My angel nurse—fair Aztec daughter,—
Hung o'er my couch with sweetest care,—
And when I feebly called for water,
The juicy orange still was there!"

* * * * *

"Upon the rocks at rough *Contreras*,
At last I with my comrades stood—
Again the dark-skinned foemen dare us—
Again begins the work of blood!"

"Night fell upon our ranks so steady—
Fierce rains poured on our weary heads—
But daylight found us bright and ready
To charge their works through lava beds."

"Forth from the *pedregal* we drove them—
That glorious morn I'll ne'er forget—
For death below, and death above them,
And death on every side they met!"

"The gallant SMITH, to victory led us,
While veteran RILEY followed fast,—
And horse and foot in terror fled us,
As leaves before the Northern blast!"

* * * * * *

"All flushed with victory and undaunted
We breasted *Churubusco's* fire,
And the '*Old Third*' its colors planted
High on the convent's topmost spire!"

"With shouts we crossed the convent ditches
'Mid raking fire of shot and shell,
Crawling through smoke and crumbling breaches,
Till wounded, wet with gore, I fell!"

"On rode that warrior without tarnish,
The ever-conquering hero, SCOTT!
Who in the hour of fire and carnage
Mercy's sweet promptings ne'er forgot!"

"I saw his conscious charger prancing—
I saw the chieftain's features glow—
And, high o'er all, our flag advancing
To grace the halls of Mexico!"

"Two thousand brave ones, dead and gory,
Slept tranquil ere the moon arose:
But the eight thousand, crowned with glory,
Had routed forty thousand foes!'

"How WORTH's brave cohorts stood the slaughter
On dark *Molino's* glorious morn,
When death from escopet and mortar
Stalked through his ranks so sadly torn—"

"How his stout lads, eleven hundred,
Lay dead before the fight was done,
While fort and redoubt o'er them thundered,
That day until the field was won—"

"How the proud Capital was taken—
Its outworks battered to a wreck—
And even the deep foundations shaken,
Of towering, proud *Chapultepec*—"

"Let others tell;—for faint and bleeding,
These closing scenes I could not share,
But on my couch, all else unheeding,
Dreamed of my home and loved ones there!"

"Yes, let them tell of *Angostura*
Where TAYLOR's dwindled force withstood
The shock of Santa Anna's fury,
And hurled his thousands back subdued!"

"Let them recall *Taos* and *Embudo*,
Where our dragoons the onslaught met—
Where BURGWIN fell in glorious battle!
Where INGALLS won his first brevet!

"You've asked me, dear ones, *'where's the glory'!*
Oh! tell me, have I answered you?
Have you not heard the stirring story
Of march, and fight, and victory too?"

"The scattered ranks of proud ARISTA—
The shattered walls of *Monterey*—
The slaughtered hosts of *Buenavista*—
Are these not glory, sister, say?"

"Give me some water -I am weary—
My tongue is burning—short my breath---
O, for a sleep---the road seems dreary---
Quick!---raise me, mother,---*is this death?*'

"Ha!---who are these that float around me
Like pleasant memories of the past?
What! Carl! the faithful friend who found me
When the life-blood was oozing fast!'

"Come nearer, comrade---let me hold you---
Why thou art cold---whose hand is this?
See, my good Carl---just as I told you---
I'm home once more---sister---a kiss---"

"Carl---my brave heart! dost thou remember
The rain and mud at *Monterey*,
That fearful black night in September,
When we beneath the caissons lay?"

"How the '*Black Fort*' all night did shell us---
How as each tour on post was sped,
We crawled, all shivering, to our fellows,
Mixed up, the living with the dead?"

"Dost mind the smoke-wrapped prairie battle,
Where Mexico's proud crest came down
'Mid iron hail and cannon's rattle,
Ha! ha! old Carl---dost mind *Fort Brown?*"

"My brain seems wandering---yet my comrade
Stood surely at my side but now,---
His faithful hand methought was wiping
This damp that settles on my brow,---"

"A mist is stealing o'er my senses---
Ha!—now again I'm in the fight—
See where tall HARNEY's charge advances—
Look how they poise their bayonets bright!"

"I see the scattered legions flying!
I see the flash of every gun!
Oh, God!—dear Mother—this *is* dying!"
* * * * *
THE WARRIOR SLEEPS—THE VICTORY'S WON!"

Thus he passed away, our veteran, home from many a weary tramp
From the shores of *Corpus Christi* to the last beleaguered camp!
Let us drop a tear, my comrade, let us mourn with bated breath
O'er the twenty thousand brave ones in that strange land doomed to death!
Land where GRANT, the youthful warrior, breasted his baptismal fire
On the mountain, in the valley, under many a cross-decked spire!
Land that drank the blood of freemen thirty long, long years ago.
Land of silver stream and mountain—thrice unhappy Mexico!
But while mourning, still remember that the country's heart to-day
Throbs from North to South, and greets you as her heroes from the fray!
Though no more the tawny foeman meets you on his river banks,
Where the "Northern winged artillery thundered through his shattered ranks,"—
Though your sleeve hang loose and empty, and on tottering limbs you stand,
Listening to the great CENTENNIAL shout resounding through the land,—

Let that shout assure you, veteran—keep your banner still unrolled,—
For the Nation *will* remember those who won the LAND OF GOLD!

To the Lone Star of Texas.

NO LONGER alone art thou—
The struggle not only thine—
But safely encircled now
In a glorious wreath to shine!

No longer shall Mexico
Pursue thee with hated war—
No more the inhuman foe
Oppress thee, thou once lone star!

The banner of stripes and stars
No longer at rest may dwell,
But rallies its sons of Mars
On the soil where brave Crockett fell!

Rise, Texans! the brave, the free!
Your conquest is Mexico!
Your motto "still onward" be—
REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

For no longer the lone star thou—
The conflict not only thine—
But safely encircled now
In a glorious group to shine.

MAY, 1846.

To the Torn Flag, 3rd U. S. Infantry.

WAVE ON, proud flag! Wave on—
Nor blush to own the scars
So proudly, nobly won
Amid the din of wars!
Thy willing folds shake out,
Well pierced although they be—
In the Resaca's rout
They led to victory!

Wave on, to tell the foe
Thy stars are on the way
To shine in Mexico
Bright as at Monterey!
Speak out in glorious might—
Tell them the fierce onset
Of Cerro Gordo's height
Is but a foretaste yet!

Well hast thou made us feel
That, foremost in the fight,
Thy presence nerves the steel
That strikes for freedom's right!
That shattered as thou art—
Torn though thy foldings be
The sight still cheers the heart
And bids us on with thee!

APRIL 20, 1847.

My Old Knapsack.

FARE THEE WELL—my good old knapsack!
I must part with thee at last;
Since I took thee as companion
We have weathered many a blast;
Through the Palo Alto thunder
And Resaca's field of blood,
Thou hast faced it out, old fellow,
And unscathed in battle stood!

When dark night had closed the carnage
Of that great victorious day,
And I slept in mud so weary
In the fort at Monterey,—
Dead companions all around me
In that dark and bloody den,—
Then I found thy worth, old knapsack—
How I owned thy virtues then!

Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo
Each have tried thy sinews well;
Stern Contreras—Churubusco—
All thy many virtues tell,—
Firm Chapultepec beheld thee
Ere it met its overthrow,
And thy march with me was onward,
Till unslung in Mexico.

Thou wert ever true, old fellow,—
Thou to me wert ever true,—
I have carried thee in summer,
And when Texan northers blew;
When my friends had all deserted,—
When my foes looked doubly black,—
When fond hope had almost yielded,—
Still I found thee at my back!

How my tears have coursed adown thee,
Pillowed on the desert sand,
As I read my mother's letters,
Penned with aged trembling hand,
Or perused a sister's missive,
Breathing o'er me childhood's spell—
Calling home the wayward wanderer—
Let the chords of memory tell!

When with pain my head was throbbing,
And fatigued and worn I lay,
Thinking of the morrow's conflict
And of loved ones far away,—
Weary, heart-sick, sad and foot-sore,
Dark seemed all the world to me,—
'Reft of all save thee, old knapsack,
Could I fail of loving thee?

True, I little thought, old fellow,
When I shouldered thee at first,
That the *ties* which bound so firmly,
All were doomed in time to burst;
But alas! thy coat is threadbare,
"Where my head so oft hath lain,"
And the care once lavished on thee
Ne'er can be bestowed again!

And when I, worn out in service,
'Neath the sod shall be laid down,—
When no more the front of battle
Shall inspire me with its frown,—
May some noble-hearted comrade,
Kindly, to my memory,
Shed an honest tear, old knapsack,
As is falling now for thee.

VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, JANUARY 20., 1848.

Farewell to Mexico.

WRITTEN ON EMBARKING FROM VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, JANUARY, 1848.

FAIR LAND—at length I leave thee, yet
Thy silvery streams and sunny skies
Fade from my view without regret—
With not a tear to dim these eyes.
I leave thy mountains crowned with snow,—
Thy temples with their marble floors,
Where kneels the maid whose whisper low
In humble suppliance heavenward soars.
No more my footsteps o'er thee roam—
A voice superior calls me home!

I've wandered o'er thy flowery fields,
And pensive sat beside thy streams;
I've owned the power which beauty wields,
In daylight thoughts, in midnight dreams;
Yes—I have loved an Aztec maid—
Her listening ear has heard my sighs,—
And oh! I could have always staid
To gaze into those dark, dark eyes,
But that my own paternal dome
Looms up to call the wanderer home.

I've seen thy choicest warriors fall
Before the rifles' deadly aim,
And mourned thy millions held in thrall
By fiends who seek inglorious fame;
I've seen the comrades at my side
Amid the cheers of victory die,
And laughed, aye, shouted in my pride
To see thy rent battalions fly!
But, blood enough—I cross the foam
To greet once more my own dear home.

Farewell! I leave thee not alone—
The stars and stripes still proudly deck
Thy palaces of massive stone—
Thy lofty towers, Chapultepec;
I leave thee, all fond thoughts repressing,
All bright and sunny as thou art—
I go to meet a parent's blessing
And glad once more a sister's heart.
A thousand breezes sweetly come
To waft me to my childhood's home.

Home Joys and Sorrows.

COME, prattle, little one,
I hold thee in my arms,
For day's dull toil is done,
And home is full of charms.

Leap, my young soldier, leap!
Shout forth thy joy with might!
How sweet will be the sleep
That crowns thy lids to-night!

Thy brother looked like thee,
Ere God his spirit took—
Not quite so full of glee,
But ah! that heavenly look!

Yes, and we loved him too—
(Frown not, we loved another)—
And God, who took him, knew
How we did love thy brother;

And how we watched him grow,
  Through months that slowly ran,
And longed together, so,
  To see our boy a man.

And when the fell disease
  Was preying on his cheek,
How on our bended knees
  Our soul's distress we'd speak:

"Live, little darling, live—
  Thy father's fondest trust—
For, oh! we cannot give
  Thy beauty to the dust!

"Father in heaven! look down—
  In mercy hear our prayer—
We may deserve thy frown,
  But, ah! in pity spare!"

In vain our fond regard—
  Affliction's vale we trod;
And though the task was hard,
  We gave him back to God.

Thy mother's hopeless grief
  Long time no comfort knew,
'Till Heaven a sweet relief
  Upon our misery threw.

And *thou* wert sent to cheer
  Our sad, benighted way,
And with thy smile to clear
  Our darkness into day.

Oh! words of joy were there!
  And tears, like sunshine rain,
To chase away despair—
  We clasped our boy again!

The little toys, long hidden
Within the secret drawer,
Came out, almost unbidden,
Once more to strew the floor.

* * * * *

Ah! sleepy little one,
Thine eyelids droop, I see—
Well, father's story's done,
And mother waits for thee.

God love thy precious heart,
And keep thee with us long;
But if we're called to part,
God! make the weak heart strong!

See how the dear one smiles,
As if our prayer to Heaven
Had reached the blessed aisles,
And answer sweet were given.

There—fold thy little hands
And sleep—come take him, mother—
He'll dream of heavenly lands,
And see his angel brother!

JULY 1852.

When My Ship Comes In.

I'VE a precious little daughter,
And her name is Adelaide,—
No bright jewels yet I've bought her,
Tho' her nut-brown hair's in braid;
And as often as she plagues me
For a bracelet or a pin,
I console her with the promise,
"*Yes, love, when my ship comes in!*"

O, the dreaming little daughter!
In bright visions of the night,
Strings of fairest pearls and bracelets
Still appear before her sight,—
And before the morning kisses
Or the morning prayers begin,
Up she runs to ask her father
When the ship is coming in.

"Listen, mother, let me tell you
What a pleasant dream I've had,—
Up the straits came father's vessel,
And you both appeared *so* glad;
All the bells in town were ringing,
And away above the din,
I could read on floating banners,
Joy! *The ship is coming in*!'

"Then methought a host of bright ones,
As the anchor rattled down,
Gathered in the shrouds, and cheering,
Joined the huzzas of the town;
While the Captain, smiling sweetly,
By a gesture of his hand
Had the sails all furled so neatly
By a white-winged angel band!"

Dream on, joyous little daughter,
But a few, short, sunny years,
And your visions bright will vanish,—
All your pearls dissolve in tears;
For the long expected vessel
Bears no pearl nor jewelled pin,
Though her freight of tears and sadness
Is most surely coming in.

Yes, my trusting little daughter,—
O, my winsome Adelaide,—
When I cross the troubled water,
And my last, last debt is paid,—
When sad faces crowd around me,
And, with locks all white and thin,
I am laid within my coffin,—
Then my ship is coming in!

Of her freight of tears and sorrows
None will be for me to share,—
Mine have all been wept and suffered
Thro' long years of grief and care;
Yours will be the cross, my darling,
While the crown alone I win,
Yours will be the tears and anguish,
When my ship comes sailing in!

For my great Redeemer liveth!
He who stilled the raging seas,
Steers the ship that fills your dreamings,
And controls each adverse breeze;
He who bore the cross, my Addie,
To redeem a world from sin,
Always smiles to find us ready
When the ship is coming in.

To my ear, this pleasant evening,
Sitting here before the door,
Heavy anchor-chains are rattling
As my ship comes near the shore;
I can hear the loose sails flapping,
And the sailors' merry din,
And I see the CAPTAIN smiling
As my ship sails slowly in!

JUNE, 1861.

The Good Man.

WHO is the good man? Is it he
Who, conscious of superior power,
Ignores himself, that he may be
Of use to others every hour?

Certes, the man who thus would use
His powers, to aid his fellow-man—
Who ne'er his influence would refuse,
The flame of human love to fan—

Must bear a larger, loftier soul
Than millions of our selfish race,
Who only seek to reach their goal
By means however low and base.

Then let us contemplate this man,
Though his existence be ideal;
And while with earnest thought we scan
His points, imagine he is real.

Would he be tender? Or be stern?
Patient? Or full of fretfulness?
Quick for his vested rights to turn,
And fierce those vested rights to press?

Would he neglect the claims of others,
To nurse with jealousy his own?
Or, judging all mankind as brothers,
Stand up, sometimes, for theirs alone?

Extreme to mark what's done amiss
Against himself? Or patient when
His wrongs are greatest? Seeking bliss
In righting wrongs of other men?

Fickle in temper? Losing head
For every fool that wags the tongue?
Thrown off his balance by the dread
Of wit's frail shaft against him flung?

I tell thee, friend, that no one fool,
Nor all the fools arrayed together,
Could turn that man of brow so cool—
My friend, the good man is no feather!

His well-poised temper never fails—
He cannot lose his self-respect—
And when the storm of wrath assails,
He stands, in conscious strength, erect!

He bears with peevish ones, and makes
Allowance for the soul that's weak;
Ingratitude he calmly takes,
And smiles at insolence's freak.

He shuns the dark revengeful mood,
And by fresh kindness nobly given,
O'ercomes the evil by his good,—
All-powerful attribute of Heaven!

In short, no fiendish hate without,
And no ill-temper throned within,
Can turn this noble one about,
Nor from his path this brave one win.

For inborn generosity
Can tread no pathway save its own;
Benevolence, pure-souled and free,
Smiles at the dirt before it thrown!

Yes, let us dream of such a man,—
A tower of magnanimity,
Whose lofty soul with ease may scan
What others can but dimly see!

Haply our dreams, by Morphean arts
Unknown to shallow mortal ken,
May graft his virtues on our hearts,
And make us better, happier men.

AUGUST 25, 1864.

Coming Over The Bar

AT THE MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

I PROMISED to tell you, my little star,
Some night before you slept,
Of the morn we sailed in over the bar,
And the reason why I wept
That day, when others all seemed so glad,
And I in the state-room sat, so sad.

Was it that friends would meet me there,
Friends who had known me long?
That cordial smiles, with a greeting rare,
Would come from that merry throng?
All these, my sweet one, I knew were here—
But not for them was the falling tear.

Away on Astoria's rugged height,
As the steam-ship dashed thro' the wave,
I could see the mound with its head-board white,
That covers your brother's grave;
I could fancy I heard as the ship came nigh,
The angel voice of our first-born boy!

The wild sea-gull floated swiftly past,
And uttered its plaintive cry:
The great bar foamed in the fiendish blast,
And reared its white mountains high;
But above them all, on the swelling gale,
I could hear my dead boy's mournful wail.

Swift back to the past I wandered then,
To the scene of that stormy day,
When I mournfully followed the precious one
And they lowered him into the clay,
While tears fell fast on the coffin lid,
As I strewed the roses over his bed.

Ten long years have gone slowly by,
Well chequered with grief and joy;
Such tears have seldom bedimmed my eye,
As flowed for that gentle boy,
When I gazed once more on that lonely grave,
On the fir-crown'd height by the sounding wave

Five other precious ones now have twined
Their tendrils about my heart—
God! In Thy mercy still be kind,
For oh! 'tis *so* hard to part!
Leave me my loving ones treading the sod—
Keep Thou the little one, gone back to God!

Yes, my own sweet one, my friends were there,
Friends who had known me long;
The cordial smile and the greeting rare,
Came from that merry throng;
But you now know why, when all seemed glad,
I sat in the state-room, lone and sad.

FEBRUARY 5th, 1862.

Nineteen Years.

NINETEEN years, dear Lizzie, on their course have run,
Since our vows were plighted—vows that made us one;
O, the clouds, the sunshine—O, the smiles, the tears—
O, the joys, the sorrows, of those nineteen years!

Heaven hath kindly lent us, as our path we've trod,
Little hearts to love us, little souls from God;
Five still travel with us up the mountain steep—
These are left to love us—*one* is laid to sleep!

He, our precious first born, pearl of all the rest,
Waits within the portals of the ever blest—
Watching for the coming of the loved of earth—
Those who rocked his cradle ere his second birth!

O, that night of horror when his spirit fled,
And we sat despairing, watching with our dead—
Vainly, madly clinging to our darling one—
Holding back the answer, "*God! Thy will be done!*"

* * * * *

Nineteen years have taught us that with bleeding feet
Thorny paths are trodden, though the flowers be sweet!
Cups of woe are given—hours of deep distress,
Pointing us to Heaven, home of happiness.

* * * * *

Nineteen years, dear Lizzie, thus their course have run—
Do I love thee better than when they begun?
Couldst thou read this heart, love, thou wouldst joy to see
Not a warm pulsation there but throbs for thee!

When fatigued and sickened with life's many snares,
Ah! full well thou knowest how to soothe my cares!
On that faithful bosom I recline my head,
All the world forgetting—all my troubles fled!

Thou, who liv'st for others—thou, who, oft in pain,
Still art self-forgetting, others' health to gain—
Thou, whose intuition, when I'm prone to stray,
Sees the hidden danger—points the better way—

Thou, my guardian spirit in all times of need,
Could I cease to love thee I were lost indeed!
Could thy gentle nature for one moment doubt,
Hope would flee, and sunshine from our lives fade out!

Nineteen years; dear Lizzie! O, through many more
May we walk together to that better shore,
Where the thornless roses of a world of bliss
Shall make up in sweetness for the thorns of this!

NOVEMBER. 1867.

Epithalamium.

NO clouds hang o'er thy future,—thy sky is clear and bright,
Yet silent tears are falling, loved one, for thee to-night!
A father's heart is swelling, grief mingles with his mirth—
Grief, that so soon thou leavest the old familiar hearth!

A mother gazes on thee with all a parent's pride,
And pleasure fills her bosom—she sees her girl a bride!
But ah! a shade of sadness comes stealing o'er her brow—
She mournfully remembers her place is *vacant now!*

Thou in her weary moments hast been a comforter—
Thy day-dreams and child-sorrows were all revealed to her—
Thou wert the first fair daughter that in her arms she pressed,
And oh! 'tis sad to give thee in other arms to rest.

Fond sisters, too, and brothers are watching thee with joy—
No antepast of sadness their pleasure can alloy—
They see that thou art happy—no tear bedims thine eye—
Thou'rt with them now, but sadly they'll miss thee bye-and-bye!

Thy chosen lord is gazing with rapture on that form
That turns to meet his glances in rapture just as warm!
His heart was formed for loving a soul like thine, sweet dove!
But were his bosom marble, to see thee were to love!

Go with him, then, fair flower! cling with thy youthful soul
To him who swears to guard thee to life's uncertain goal;
May happiness attend thee while gliding down the stream,
And all thy days be pleasant as a pure infant's dream!

To Sallie.

GO, precious daughter, though our hearts are grieving,—
Go with the warrior husband of thy choice,
Nor heed the pangs that pierce us at thy leaving,
As now we say "farewell" with faltering voice.

God's blessing go with thee, our darling daughter,
And shelter thee from evil on thy way,—
Watch over thee upon the stormy water,
And be thy guard, thy guide, thy life-long stay.

And oh! when absent from the hearts that love thee,
And from the eyes that watched thee from thy birth,
Let memories of the absent ones oft move thee
To holy thoughts amid the scenes of mirth.

Think of that Mother who with pure devotion
Has guided thy young steps from infancy,—
Whose breast is fraught with love as vast as ocean,
And swells with grief at parting now from thee.

Think of thy father—how his loved ones wander
And leave his waning years to loneliness,—
Yet though the ties of love with age grow fonder,
Submissively he parts with thy caress,

This sad farewell is not a hopeless parting—
Not his thy Mother's pangs of rayless grief;
To him the throbbing breast—the teardrop starting—
Are but the harbingers of kind relief.

For he has watched with joy his bright young vision,
As onward sped her years to womanhood,
And knew that Love must soon assert its mission,
With all its scenes of evil and of good.

Think of thy absent sister, and thy brothers,
Who prize thee with a love beyond compare—
Thy only sister, who above all others
Will sadly miss thy form at bedside prayer.

And now thou goest with thy brave young soldier,
To meet the storms of earth-life by his side—
One who has sworn within his arms to fold you,
And shield e'en with his life his fair young bride.

Farewell, my daughter, and our prayers attend thee—
Heed not the tears that will unbidden flow—
May heaven its fairest, dearest blessing send thee—
Go, with our tears, our prayers, our blessings,—go!

JANUARY 31st, 1878.

To Addie.

JOYOUS smiles and tears of sadness
Mingle round our hearth to-day,
Where the blissful tones of gladness
Have been fondly prone to stay.
She, our loved one, with another
Goes, the path of life to share,
Leaving dear ones, father, mother,
Sad, with one more vacant chair!

O, my precious one, my daughter!
"O, my winsome Adelaide!"
Winsome from the days of childhood,
When between our knees you prayed;
Can the heart you now have chosen,
Beat with love for you like ours?
Must the parent-love be frozen,
Gazing on these nuptial flowers?

One short year has scarcely wasted
Since your darling sister left,—
Then the pangs of grief we tasted—
Now again are we bereft!
Who shall now that bright smile bring us?
Who restore those sounds of mirth?
Who shall now the old songs sing us,
As we watch our lonely hearth?

Yet we know that thou art happy,
And though we may meet no more,
We shall not forget the promised
Meeting on the farther shore!
Earth affords no joy, no laughter,
But some bleeding hearts are nigh,
Waiting for the great Hereafter
In God's glorious by-and-by!

So our sad farewell is spoken,
And we press that darling form,
Though our heart-strings, wrung and broken,
Seem like wrecks amid the storm!
Good bye, Addie! Lips no fonder
Ever pressed a daughter's brow,—
Oh!—where'er through life you wander,
Think of home, so lonely now!

JANUARY 22d, 1879.

The Parting at Fort Sumter.

THE fog around Fort Sumter
Was drifting fast away,
When through the mist a schooner
Sailed slowly down the bay;
No Union flag she boasted—
Star-emblem of the free—
But fore and aft there floated
The lone Palmetto tree.

God help ye, noble women!
Your tears fall hot and fast—
But "*darlins, trust the Major,*
He'll bring you right at last!"
God keep the gallant eighty
Who wait the tug of war,—
And here's to Major Anderson!
Huzza! Huzza!! Huzza!!!

APRIL, 1861.

"Missing."

WHEN will you come back again, papa,
To sit in the old arm-chair
And read the Bible to mother and me,
And join in our evening prayer?
Oh, you dear, you cruel papa,
If you knew how we grieve to-night,
Wouldn't you leave that hateful war,
And come to your home so bright?

When will he come back again mamma?
I only wish I could read
That letter you moisten so with tears,—
But my prattle you scarcely heed.
Soldiers in crowds are passing by,
As I gaze down the lighted street,
And I long to ask them about papa,
As they hurry their friends to greet.

Don't you remember the day, mamma,
When the news from Fort Sumter came,
That the gallant old Major Anderson
Had won such a glorious name?
When papa wore such a bright, bright sword
At the head of his company?
And how proud we felt as he marched along,
When he smiled on you and me?

Don't you remember the words he said
When he kissed us the night before,
And sat on the side of my little bed,
To tell me about the war?
How can I ever forget his look,
As he mournfully said to you,
"Dear, dear Nellie, I love you both,
But I love the UNION too!"

"Nellie, when on the battle-field
I share in the conflict wild,
I shall be thinking of you alone—
You and our darling child.
Wherever our Union banner floats,
There will my station be,
Till the rebel hordes are in full retreat
From the field of victory!"

Yes, and he promised to write, mamma,
But only one letter came;
Why don't he write to his little girl,
If only to write my name?
How he would grieve if he knew you cried
And looked at his picture so!
Surely, oh, surely he'd hasten home
With the crowd that is passing now.

Fond hearts were sadly beating
Within that strong-walled fort,
For wives and children waited
Without the sally-port—
Waited in mournful silence
The signal to depart,
Which shook with throes of anguish
Each wife's and mother's heart.

"Arrah, Norah! don't be cryin'!"
A Celtic soldier spoke—
"Sure we'll never think dyin'
'Till the last stale biscuit's broke.
And darlin', trust the Major,
He'll bring us right at last!"
But vain the attempt at soothing—
The tears fell hot and fast.

"It's not for that, my husband—
It's not for fear I weep—
I know the gallant Major
Your lives will safely keep—
It's for the cruel mandate
That hurries me away
Because a coward President
Would starve you if I stay!"

"I know the Nation's watching
The gallant Major's course,
And countless hearts are yearning
To aid his little force;
But prayers will never feed you
Nor send more men to fight,
Though this sad parting gives you
One biscuit more to-night!"

"Walter, my son—my first-born—
Though I must leave you now,
Think of this kiss at parting
I'm sealing on your brow;
And if the rage of battle
Should chance to lay you low,
Your life's your country's, Walter,—
Your brother's ended so."

But see, the boat is nearing,
And in the distance, too,
Crowds throng the Charleston levee
To cheer the parting few.
"Good bye, love!" Good bye, darling!"
And manly hearts are pressed
With tearful, sad devotion,
To many a loved one's breast!

The fog around Fort Sumter
Had drifted far away—
A trim and gallant schooner
Sailed swiftly from the Bay;
Eyes watched her from the ramparts,
That trim and gallant sail,
As from her deck there floated
Fond woman's mournful wail!

Eyes watched her from the ramparts
All wet with manly tears
Wrung from the soul's affection,
Not from unmanly fears,—
But as the white speck faded
Up rose those sons of war—
"Three cheers for Major Anderson!
Huzza! Huzza!! Huzza!!!"

As they pass the door to-night, mamma,
They whisper the name "BULL RUN;"
Is that the name of a battle-field?
Have the Union soldiers won?
They pass along with a saddened look,—
Their voices are hoarse and low,—
It was not thus when they marched away,
Two or three months ago!

Don't let me make you cry, mamma,—
My tears are all dried and gone,
Now I must say my little prayers,
And sleep till the morning dawn
God in Heaven! look down to-night,—
Watch over our father dear;
Shelter him in the stormy fight,
And pilot him safely here!

Ah, you cruel, you dear papa,
If you knew how we grieve to-night,
Wouldn't you leave the battle-field
And come to your home so bright?
When will you come back again, papa,
To sit in the old arm-chair,
And read the Bible at night once more,
And join in our evening prayer?

AUGUST, 1861.

Farewell Address.

WRITTEN FOR, AND RECITED BY, MRS. JULIA DEAN HAYNE, ON THE OCCASION OF HER FAREWELL BENEFIT, AT PORTLAND, OREGON, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

THE Actress comes,—not now to act a part,
But speak the feelings of a grateful heart
For kindly smiles, and your too warm applause,
So richly given, yet in so poor a cause.
She acts not now,—but feelings, oh! how strong,
Rush to find utterance from her feeble tongue!

The unremitting toil,—the anguish deep,
In midnight study oft, while others sleep,
Till, all fatigued, the overburdened brain
Finds respite short, and wakes to toil again,—
Wakes to the cares that claim from her their due,
As Wife, as Mother, and as Actress too:—
The dread which visits oft the fainting heart,
Lest all her efforts fail to fill the part,—
Lest while the stern endeavors of the mind
Are sadly tasked, the portrait true to find,
And paint with truth each passion's varying hue,
The faults might glare,—her pictures prove untrue;
These wring the heart, and none save artists know
Those bitter, bitter depths of mental woe.
But, oh! what sweet results have met her here,
To banish all anxiety and fear!
All care to-night is scattered to the wind,
Your smiles to greet, your kind applause to find.

Thanks, for the welcome thus extended here,
From eyes that sparkle with true friendly cheer.
Here, where the bright Willamette wanders free,
To seek its goal far in the Northern sea,
And like some fair and blushing mountain bride,
Greet with the nuptial kiss old Ocean's tide;
Here, where the hardy miner rests awhile,
Returning from the scenes of honest toil,
To wait the noble vessel, soon to bear
His earth-dug treasures for loved ones to share:
Here, as I mark your city's busy scene,
With joy I hail Pacific's second queen!

Long may Willamette's valley smile in peace,
Her labors lessening as her fruits increase.
Here the dread sounds of war have never come,
To tear the husband from his much-loved home:
To rend the maiden's heart, as to the strife
Her lover goes, to offer up his life.
Oh! may no eye of those assembled here,
Be doomed to shed the unavailing tear
For dear ones, lost beneath the surging wave
Of War, that dots our land with many a grave!

And now, farewell; the dearest friends must part,
Although the breast may throb, the tear-drop start.
And when far, far from you my lot is cast,
Think not that aught can ever blot the past;
No! faithful to the hearts that met me here,
And strewed my path with flowers of sweetest cheer,
Memory will turn, when clouds obscure my way,
To find in thoughts of you a brighter day.
Fain would I linger here—but voices come
On every breeze, to whisper of my home;
My home! where fond ones wait with tearful eye,
And watch each sail that looms against the sky.
Yes! though the tear-drop start, the bosom swell—
I must, regretful, speak the sad FAREWELL!

National Hymn.

HOME of the free-born! Happy land—
Where man, progressive, proud and free,
In God-like majesty doth stand,
Full type of human liberty:
Land of our love! Thy banner bright
Lights up with joy the patriot's eye:
Beneath its folds thy sons unite,
For thee to live, or nobly die!

Land of the glorious WASHINGTON!
Who broke the haughty tyrants chain,
And led our sires to victories, won
A priceless heritage to gain—
Hail to thy stars! Let each fair breeze
Kiss that bright flag, whose folds elate,
Shall wave through unborn centuries
On every tower in every State!

Oh! may the arm of God delay,—
Should section still with section strive—
The horrors of that direful day
When War our liberties may rive!
May Peace and Plenty yet abound,
And wholesome counsel ne'er depart;
And may our UNION still be found
First, dearest to each patriot heart.

Long may our much-loved banner float,
With every star intact and bright,
Blest cynosure to climes remote,
Whose millions hail its glittering light!

Long may our emblem-eagle's wing
Its peaceful shelter mildly spread,
While new-born nations gladly sing
Their resurrection from the dead!

Home of the free-born! Happy land!
Where man, progressive, proud and free,
In God-like majesty doth stand,
Full type of human liberty:
Land of our love! Thy banner bright
Lights up with joy the patriot's eye—
Beneath its folds thy sons unite,
For thee to live, or nobly die!

APRIL. 1865.

Decoration Day.

THEY deck with flowers thy grave, my noble boy,
On this the holiest day of all the year;
My grateful heart leaps with a thrill of joy
That bids me strive to check the rising tear.

This is my hour of pride, my warrior son!
I give thy grave up to thy country's care—
To those who, ere their mournful task is done,
Will strew that mound with flowers all sweet and rare.

My day of pride! A mother's heart beats high
To know thou'rt numbered with that gallant band
Who sought the glorious privilege to die
With arms and face to foe, for our dear land!

Tears I have shed for thee, my soldier child,
Nor ceased my weeping since that parting day
When the closed patriot phalanx onward filed
To meet the foe, and crush his proud array.

But, for to-day, no weeping! Not one tear
Shall down this pale and wasted cheek be borne!
A nation decks thy grave, and thousands here
Assemble, o'er the gallant dead to mourn.

Yes, let that nation weep! Enough for me,
To-day, that thou art of the honored ones—
To know that thus, for centuries yet to be,
The nation's heart will throb for these lost sons!

Enough for me to know that our great chief,
Who brought his hosts victorious from the fray,
Joins with a full heart in the signs of grief—
These honors to our Union dead to-day.

And so, to-day, no tears! But, oh, my brave!
To-morrow, when the mournful pageant's o'er,
Shall I not visit thy untimely grave,
Dear boy, and wet it with my tears once more?

Yes, and my harrowing grief may then have vent,
Unshared, unnoticed by to-day's sad crowd—
And a 'reft mother's sobs, now bravely pent,
May fill the air with grief-tones long and loud.

Till then, farewell, my lost, my warrior son!
Till then I leave thy grave thy country's care—
And generous hands will, ere the day is done,
Bedeck that mound with flowers all sweet and rare.

MAY, 1876.

The Old Superintendent, of National Cemetery.

"Four hundred thousand men,
The good, the brave, the true,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!"

YES, sir, I'm the Superintendent, walk in, please, and have a chair—
There's a heavy fog this morning, and it sort o' chills the air,
But the sun is breaking through it, and I reckon we may say
That we're going to have a beauty this thirtieth of May.
The Lodge?—why, yes, it's cosy and comfortable enough
For an old and broken soldier who is used to takin' it rough;
And the Quartermaster-General works with a right good will
To fix us—and why wouldn't he? the country foots the bill.

My Army? Yes, Lord bless you! why here they lie in rows,
And I know each soldier's name by heart, as far as naming goes;
That dozen rows out yonder where you see that pile of stone,

Is the left flank of my army—the brigade of the "*Unknown!*"
But they'll get their share of flowers in the strewing of to-day,
And you'll see some wet eye-lashes there this thirtieth day of May;
For the nation's heart claims all of them on this proud day of ours,
And it doesn't take a fancy name to fetch the tears and flowers!

Long service? Well, I've had my share, and forty years ago
I hunted in the everglades to catch the Indian foe;
I fought at Okee-cho-bee in old "Rough and Ready's band,
And bore my knapsack many a day through Florida's burning sand.
On the field of Palo Alto, at Resaca, too, I fought,
Where the loss of noble fellows made our victories dearly bought;
In Taylor's ranks at Monterey I met Ampudia's crew,
Where the *Third* went in three hundred and came out seventy two!

Do I find it lonesome? No, sir; I sit for many a night
At the foot of that old flagstaff, when the moon is shining bright
And the wind is whistling hoarsely, and the rushing of the blast
Makes the halyards flap a tattoo against the towering mast,
And my memory gathers round me all the comrades brave I knew,
From Bull Run to Appomatox—now reposing 'neath the dew—

Then I fall asleep and dream of these my comrades with the dead,
Till I waken with the chilliness and totter off to bed.

Then it makes up for the loneliness, this thirtieth day of May,
When I meet with some good faces I have met here many a day,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, weeping friends who gladly come
To scatter Spring's bright flowers o'er their lost ones' early tomb!
Ah! it makes my old frame tremble when I see the falling tear
From eyes that speak the love that brings the annual pilgrims here;
And when some stricken mother vents her grief in accents low,
Then I'm hurried back to childhood—ah, God! that's long ago!

They tell me that the fair ones of the South will strew their flowers
When next they hold "Memorial Day," on both *their* graves and *ours;*
Well, this is right—I'm glad to see good feeling coming round,
For hatred never moved the boys who lie beneath the ground.
Look! over in that corner sleep a dozen "*boys in gray*,"
And I twine a wreath for each of them on Decoration Day!
For who shall judge the hearts of those that grassy mound conceals?
We've had our fight and bear no grudge—that's how a soldier feels!

I'm looking forward, knowing that when I'm dead and gone,
And in one of these neat grassy rows they plant the usual stone,
Some lover of the soldier will, with kind and faithful hand,
Drop roses on the grave of one who fought to save the land!
Well, I see the crowd is coming, so we'll step out, if you please,
That's my bench, there in the shadow of those two tall willow trees—
There's my crutches, thank you kindly, you may help me o'er the sill,
Sir? my leg? oh, that lies buried at the foot of Malvern Hill!

MAY, 1873.

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